



# CUPID EVER BUSY

Merry and Impractical Little God of Love  
Seems Never to Take a Vacation  
From His Pleasing Duties.

## FIVE OF HIS MOST RECENT PRANKS

Victims Selected From All Walks of Life and in  
Many Climes—American Mining Engineer  
and Grecian Countess Among Others Shot  
By His Unerring Arrows—John Bull Shown  
How Love Laughs at Law.

New York. Within the space of a brief few days, Cupid has played more pranks than the most romantic schoolgirl could ever conjure up in her wildest dreams! He has brought together an American mining engineer and a Grecian countess at the mouth of a Mexican mine. He has married off a rich young fellow to the nurse who pulled him through appendicitis. He has presided at a midnight wedding at which a dashing young naval officer and a pretty chorus girl were the principals. And he has hired a special train so that a New York millionaire's son could marry a divorcee in another state.

And best of all, but not least, he has arranged a wedding on the high seas, outside the International three-mile limit, so that an impatient young couple wouldn't have to wait two weeks for the laurels to be published, thus single-handedly setting aside the stern and implacable malice of the British common law.

It has been left for Miss Alice Whyte and Mr. Hall Cowan to show John Bull how love laughs at law. They just couldn't wait two weeks longer, so they were married according to the ritual of the Church of England far out at sea. That saved the two young persons very much to lose, says the World.

The two young people came from Windsor, Ont. The young man popped the question four years ago and got his whopper "yes" accepted word in the world, but they couldn't be married then for the fact that the young man hadn't been graduated from the University of Michigan and hadn't established himself in business.

Sent for Promised Wife.

He was graduated in 1904. Soon after he got a position with U.S. Rail-

ways to inspect them and there she met the American. The rest was easy, because Cupid had his mind made up. Mr. Schroeder pleaded his case and the Greek countess agreed to become the bride. American "Mrs." So they came back to Brooklyn to be married. There a few days ago were wed.

But this didn't end the ceremonial part of the wedding. The countess wanted also a wedding in the faith of her fathers, so all the party jumped into automobiles and were whisked over to Manhattan and up to the little Greek church, Seventy-second street, near Lexington avenue, where there was another wedding, according to the ritual of the orthodox Greek church.

There was a crowd of the couple's friends to see the beautiful ceremony, which included hymns and chants by a full-voiced choir. The ceremonies ended with the crowning of the couple with flowers.

And Cupid had come out victor again.

**Love God at Work in Hospital.**

The doctors shook their heads. The patient lay on the operating table before them was pretty far gone. He had gangrenous appendicitis, and the poison had already set in.

"One chance in a hundred," said the operating surgeon as he prepared the instruments and motioned to his assistants to administer the anæsthetic.

"And now, Miss Vanhorn, if you please," he said, turning to a pretty trained nurse who stood ready to help.

Soon the other had done its work and the knives began. An hour later

Cook Daniels. The laws said them may. But they did.

"It is forbidden," read the laws of the state of Colorado, "that either party to a divorce, either guilty or innocent, marry within a year."

Here was pretty Mrs. Daniels just freed from the bonds and head over heels in love with young Mr. Schley, unable to marry the man of her second choice. And here was the young man, a resident of Colorado Springs, and quite ill eager to marry before it might be too late.

What were they to do?

Cupid solved the problem as usual. What are the laws where love is concerned? He just suggested to young Mr. Schley, to whom money is no object, that he hire a special train, cross the state line into Nebraska at 60 miles an hour, there pledge their troth and return married in spite of Colorado laws.

It was no elopement. The two young people had been devoted to each other openly ever since the divorce was granted.

Sidney was the nearest point, 153 miles away. It was only the work of a moment to order the train and the railway officials had it ready in record time. There were two luxurious drawing-room cars and an enormous. One compartment was crammed with wedding gifts; every compartment was fragrant with American beauties. With all the guests aboard the train started off to the fluttering of many handkerchiefs.

Soon the other had done its work and the knives began. An hour later

Flora Newdigate had other devotees, but none so prominent as Proigne. Sir Ralph, her husband, by this time, had ceased to be discussed at all. Nobody ever said, nowadays, "Does he care?" "Is he bothered?" Everybody realized that, even if he hated the whole proceeding, he was quite too unemotional a person (outwardly) to give a sign.

Proigne "did nothing," and did it with conspicuous luxury. Had not his parents died genteel paupers? Who gave him his stuporous fat? In the Five Gardens? It was his aunt, the wealthy Mrs. Claverley. And evidently this lady didn't mind about Lady Newdigate any more than Sir Ralph minded about Proigne.

But Mrs. Caverley did mind. She had been a London belle in her day, and had cherished the man whom she married.

In her Curzon street drawing-room we find her sipping tea and talking with the daughter of a dear dead friend.

"Now, Amelia," she was saying, "I know that I can confide to you that I detest the whole thing terribly. I want it to end. It must end."

"I think there might be a way."

Then she told Proigne's aunt what the "way" was.

Mrs. Caverley was nodding somberly when she finished. "Not at all bad, my dear; not at all bad. You're the sort of woman who could bring them together. Adela Stratford; of course; yes; your step-sister, and just ready to appear in the world. Only, 18, too; and Flora Newdigate is 30, if I day. Is the resemblance so striking?"

"It's really wonderful; though Flora, you know, is much more beautiful."

Lady Wheatsheaf rose to go.

"Bring her here to tea on Friday; don't fail!" pleaded Mrs. Caverley.

"I'll have Cyril. I positively promise him. And you must positively promise me Adela."

Adela Stratford met Proigne at many places besides his aunt's house in the near future. Lady Wheatsheaf had all the resources of a gay, rich woman. She sometimes contrived that meetings which in reality had been artfully arranged should seem products of mere coincidence and accident.

One day, at a Bolgravian afternoon crush, Lady Wheatsheaf drew Mrs. Caverley aside.

"My treasured young sister has fallen in love," she said.

"What! With Cyril? So quickly?"

"It isn't so quickly, after all. It's been several weeks, you know."

She was sorrier when she went home that afternoon, to her house in Portman square.

"You didn't go anywhere to-day, then, Adela?"

The girl turned from a window through which she had been gazing down at the fleet-driven cabs and victorias. Her eyes were woe-begone, but her gaze looked brave, though harshly pained.

"Mrs. Pomfret has been here, America. We have had quite a long talk."

"Merciless little scandal-monger," thought Lady Wheatsheaf.

"She has told me everything," Adela went on.

"What—what?"

"That Mrs. Caverley and you are consulting for her, from Lady Newdigate her admirer, her bass viol."

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# ALLOW THE SUN DANCE.

CHEYENNES INDULGE IN THEIR TORTURING FESTIVITIES.

Government, After Trying to Abolish Practice, Decides It Will Not interfere with Religious Ceremonies.

The sun dance is a tribal ceremonial of the Cheyennes which to them is of the most solemn religious importance and the government, after trying to suppress the torturing dance and failing, has decided to let the Indians have their way, and this year the dance has been held with all its old-time gory features.

Of course, it is only the incidental torturing that is now deemed objectionable. This is so ghastly and prolonged, it occasionally resulting even in the death of the chief performer.



INDIAN ENDURING TORTURES OF SUN DANCE.

that civilized sentiment has strongly urged the prohibition of the cities.

On the other hand, the self-torture is voluntarily undertaken in fulfillment of a vow or pledge made by a single individual. Finding himself in imminent danger of death, by disease or from some other cause, he makes oath to devote his body to the performance of the fearful penance. In question, if the gods will release him from the immediate peril. If, therefore, he survives, he makes formal announcement of his obligation, and readiness to undergo the ordeal, the date for which is appointed by the priests.

At the same time, the sun dance is a festival of creation. Its form of ceremonial commemorates the making of the animal world by the Great Meditator and the Roaring Thunder.

# TOWN DOOMED TO DISAPPEAR.

ROOSEVELT, IN ARIZONA, TO GO DOWN TO A WATERY GRAVE.

Bustling Community Called Into Being by Building of Irrigation Dam Will Perish That the Desert May Be Made to Bloom.

Perhaps never before in the history of the United States has a town been permitted to look forward to its utter oblitera-

tion, as does the town of Roosevelt in southern Arizona, where the government is steadily completing a great dam which will irrigate a lake 25 miles long and two wide, the waters of which will be used to irrigate immense arid wastes and make them burst forth into fruit and blossom.

Roosevelt and Huerfano were covered by the ashes of Vesuvius.

Ninive and Babylon were abandoned to the desert's shifting sands, but Roosevelt is to be buried beneath the flood of waters which in less than two years is to be turned into the narrow valley.

Roosevelt came into being when the great irrigation project was first started and it will cease to exist when the engineers and army of workmen bring their labors to a close. To-day the town is a thriving, bustling community of 2,000 inhabitants, with electric lights, waterworks, sewerage, schools and churches; ultimately it will be but a memory. Roosevelt must perish that a desert may be made to bloom. Already the marvelous engineering work is well under way. The walls of the narrow canyon through which Salt river rushes on edge are being broken by a massive monolith of solid masonry, the highest arch dam in the world.

This wonderful structure of sand-

stone and cement will be 330 feet in height from foundation to parapet, 210 feet long and 170 feet wide at base, and 700 feet long on top. Its cubical contents will be 300,000 cubic yards, and for its construction 240,000 barrels of cement will be required. Placed alongside of an 18-story skyscraper this dam would rise ten feet above it, with its length on top would be more than two city blocks.

Roosevelt is a government town, and the rules laid down are simple and effective. Uncle Sam owns the ground upon which the town is erected, and the people are there merely to sufferance. No man may occupy a town lot which faces the main street, unless he is engaged in a legitimate business, and his continuous possession of the property depends upon his own conduct. The results are in marked contrast with those which followed the location of new towns on other projects where the government could not exercise any supervisory control. The laborers are contented. They are depositing a large part of their earnings with the disbursing officer of the reclamation service, who bank it for them in Phoenix.

Amusements are not, wholly lacking; baseball and quoits are popular, and in the evenings the town hall, ablaze with lights, is given up to dancing. Males predominate, so there

is a great deal of fun.

Practical.

"You are the only girl I ever loved," he declared, passionately.

"That's nice," she answered. "But, really, you know, it's a lot more important for me to be assured that the only girl you've ever going to love—Cleveland Leader."

For Fun for Enjoyment.

Some people are so busy putting something by for a rainy day that they don't enjoy the sunshine when they have it.

Mementous Question.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Tony Bartello was caught near Grand Rapids Thursday. Bartello stabbed to death "Bud" Stone at Lowell, Mich. Stone was a conductor and Bartello head of a gang of laborers.

French General Near Death.

Paris.—Gen. Brugnon, former commander-in-chief of the French army, is in a dangerous condition as the result of an operation for appendicitis. There is little hope of the general's recovery.

Its Coming Vacation.

"Yes, I'm going to spend a few weeks at Klosman's summer resort, need a rest."

"Well, your stomach will get a good rest there too. I know the place."

# MUST PRODUCE BOOKS



RAILROAD BOARD CLAIMS THE RIGHT TO INVESTIGATE.

ORDER IS FAR-REACHING

Corporation Attorney Points Out That It Practically Means Removal of Offices to the Minnesota State Capitol.

St. Paul, Minn.—The state railroad commission Thursday entered an order compelling the railroads whose officials have given testimony in the merchandise rate hearing, which has been in progress during the present year and which was lately resumed, to produce at the office of the commission all records on which their statistics have been based.

This order is the most sweeping one of the kind ever made by the commission, and if the commission is inclined to enforce it, in detail, it would mean the bringing of the record of all railroads doing business in Minnesota to the state capitol.

Attorney Severance, representing the railroads, said to Commissioner Staples: "Why, if this order is enforced it would mean the removal of the offices of all the railroads to the state capitol." Mr. Staples replied by saying it would not do that the railroads would permit the examination of the records in their own offices.

This order of the commission is the result of a request made by Attorney Manahan, representing the shippers of Hastings, Minn., made at the hearing Wednesday, after the auditor of the Northern Pacific railroad had given a lot of statistics showing how the earnings of railroads had decreased in Minnesota while they had increased in Iowa and Illinois. Mr. Manahan claimed that the statistics did not show actual facts.

The order of the commission is directed at the Great Northern railroad, but may be made applicable to any road on request of the shippers' attorney.

The hearing was replete with some sensational features, the climax being reached when James Manahan, attorney for the Minnesota Shippers' association, attacked the character of the law firm of the attorney general for the railroads.

FATAL QUARREL AT THE POLLS

Election Judge and Watcher in Desperate Encounter at Memphis.

Memphis, Tenn.—J. C. Wellington, a saloonkeeper, was killed, W. J. Cooke, a judge of election, is fatally wounded and a third man less seriously injured in a fight at a polling place with their bare feet. It is not known to do this without being burned, but the supposition is that they rubbed upon their feet some resinous substance which gave some protection.

They also have a curious dance, in the course of which the performers acquire the actions sort of "Jive" by chewing the hearts of a species of insects. The effect produced seems to be something like that of hashish, the persons thus intoxicated being lifted out of themselves, as it were, wide awake, yet dreaming. One heart per hour is sufficient to maintain the condition described for days together, the dreaming being encouraged by a monotonous drumming that is kept up all the time.

WELLINGTON KILLED.

B. E. Conn, the third man wounded, was another judge of election. He was not seriously hurt.

Wellington insisted on being present at the count of the ballots, and in argument Wellington is said to have drawn a revolver and began shooting. Cook rushed out of the polling place, secured a shotgun and began firing. The first shot fairly riddled Wellington with buckshot.

Wellington kept on firing until he dropped, and when the smoke of battle cleared away, Cooke was found on the floor desperately wounded, a bullet from Wellington's revolver having pierced his side.

MICHIGAN ENDORSES W. J. BRYAN

Democrats Favor Nebraska for President and Nominate State Ticket.

Detroit, Mich.—Indorsement of William J. Bryan for president in 1908, the defeat of a resolution calling upon the national Democratic committee to investigate the charges made against Chairman Thomas B. Taggart and demand his resignation if they were proven, and the nomination of Charles H. Kimmerle, of Castropolis, for governor over Stanley E. Parkhill, of Owosso, the only other candidate, after a spirited ballot were the features of the Democratic state convention held here yesterday.

Former Marshal Killed.

Ardumore, Okla.—Benjamin G. Collins, formerly a deputy United States marshal, was assassinated at his home near Ennis, by unknown persons. Collins was a member of the Indian police at the time of his death and was well known over the territory.

Boat Sinks; Thirty Drowned.

Berlin, Germany.—A ferryboat on the Vistula river sank Thursday near Wilno. Thirty persons were drowned.

Manchuria Door Open.

London.—In the house of commons Foreign Secretary Grey announced there were no longer any restrictions on foreign trade in Manchuria. Two British consuls will shortly be appointed to Manchuria.

Well-Known Physician Dead.

San Salvador.—Emilio Alvarez, discoverer of the Rhinoceroscloma, a disease of the nose bacillus, died here. He was well-known as a physician both in Paris and here. He will be given an official funeral.

Vanity Captured.

A lover of rare old china had a collection that was the envy of her visitors. One day a little girl came with her mother for a call and, being seated in the living-room, wonderingly eyed the array of antique dishes. The hostess was much pleased at the child's evident admiration of her treasures and said: "Well, my dear, what do you think of my china?" The child looked up and pity was in her eyes as she asked: "Hasn't you got any pantries?"

Loses Appointing Power.

San Francisco.—President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford university, will no longer appoint and dismiss professors. The change was brought through the passage of a resolution by the board of trustees.

Father and Son Killed.

Superior, Wis.—Teles Labes and his 13-year-old son were killed by an engine near Saunders Thursday. They stepped from one track to get out of the way of a passenger train and were struck from behind.

Slayer Captured.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Tony Bartello was caught near Grand Rapids Thursday. Bartello stabbed to death "Bud" Stone at Lowell, Mich. Stone was a conductor and Bartello head of a gang of laborers.

French General Near Death.

Paris.—Gen. Brugnon, former commander-in-chief of the French army, is in a dangerous condition as the result of an operation for appendicitis. There is little hope of the general's recovery.

Its Coming Vacation.

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"Well, your stomach will get a good rest there too. I know the place."

# BUILDING A CISTERNS.

Nothing Better Than Cement—Three Plans of Filtering the Water.

There is no better material to use in the construction of a cistern than Portland cement concrete. Such material will make a permanent, effective and sanitary receptacle for drinking water. If small cobble stones are available, these may be used in making concrete walls with a saving in cement. If the cistern is to be in an exposed position, it would be well to make the upper four feet of the wall with a two or three inch air space, to reduce tendency to freeze. The inner walls of the cistern should be plastered with a rich coat of Portland cement, not less than half an inch thick; and after this coat has set it should be whitewashed with two coats of pure Portland cement, the last coat being applied after the first has had time to become hard.

"By the way, what is the man charged with?" the attorney presently asked.

"He's a camera fiend of the worst sort, Mr. Brown," the judge said with a slight smile. "I expect to send him to the workhouse for about three months."

"What?" the lawyer shouted, indignantly. "Your honor must be joking. Send a man to the rock pile for three months for a little harmless amusement like taking pictures?"

"Well," the judge said, mirthfully, "we don't take pictures much—it's the cameras that are bad."

Nothing Succeeds Like "EGG-O-SEE."

The man who preaches the best sermon; the man who tells the funniest stories; the man who keeps the best store; or the man who makes the best goods soon finds that people come to him. Merit is the best advertisement in the world. People speak well of things they know are good. They pass the good word along.

The best breakfast food is EGG-O-SEE, for it contains all the life-giving properties of nature's best food, which is wheat.

EGG-O-SEE is deeply in debt to the thousands of wives and mothers who use it in their homes, for these good women have told their neighbors about this great food.

Children and aged persons alike are fans of EGG-O-SEE.

Merit and common sense are the things that advertise EGG-O-SEE most. EGG-O-SEE is clean. A 10-cent package contains ten liberal breakfasts. EGG-O-SEE is sold everywhere. Grocers don't keep it if they want to keep their good customers, for good customers insist on buying EGG-O-SEE.

The fact that no preparation, no cooking is required, makes EGG-O-SEE very popular. Open the package; put as much as you want in a dish, pour on milk or cream and eat. It passes many of the tests of the nutritive prep-  
ers.

Mrs. Phinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, and the properties of various roots and herbs, calling in a physician only in special urgent cases. By tradition and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.

Chief of these was a rare combination of the simplest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ill and weakness of the human body. The woman who nags her husband deservedly sits down to a lonely meal.

Who is the woman who does not expect a man's devotion at election time?

The woman who constantly quotes her husband seldom realizes what an intolerable here she is to others.

A woman with a musical voice may be able to sing well, and still compel you to think of her.

But in 1873 the financial crisis took

much for the large real estate companies, and in the萧条, many of them were unable to pay their debts, and were forced to sell their property at a loss. This was a great calamity to the town, and probably the cause of the萧条.

At this time Lydia E. Phinkham

had a small business of her own.

She was a widow, and

had three sons and a daughter.

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# Grand Rapids Tribune

BY DRUMB & SUTOR.

Grand Rapids, Wis., Aug. 8, 1906

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months.....75

Advertising Rates.—For display matter a flat rate of 10 cents an inch is charged. The column in The Tribune is 2½ inches long, making a one column advertisement cost \$2.40 for one insertion. All local notices, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and all notices of entertainments where an admission fee is charged will be published at 5 cents per line.

## Night Changed to Day.

Poking their long fingers of light into every corner of Hampton Roads, and illuminating every detail of cloudland, search lights will make night as bright as day during the Jamestown Exposition, which is to be held next year at Sewall's Point, near Norfolk, Virginia.

Just across Hampton Roads from Sewall's Point is Fort Monroe, which is equipped with powerful searchlights, by means of which a newspaper can be read five miles away. Every watch at the Naval Rendezvous next year will also have searchlights, some of which are so powerful as to require a special angle to generate their electricity. Among the largest of these is that just supplied to the new battlement, Connecticut. The lens of this searchlight is more than five feet across. When the maximum power is being used the lights have an intensity of sixty thousand candle power, and its rays can be thrown several miles.

Searchlights were originally adopted to find torpedo boats at night. They are now used for signalling, to discover a man overboard, to aid navigation, and for many other purposes. When a man falls overboard from one of the great ships at sea, the searchlight is at once trained upon him, and the ray is held there until he is picked up by the boats.

In signalling a shutter is attached to the searchlight. This alternately interrupts and prolongs or shortens the period during which the light is visible. By this means the operator is able to telegraph forty miles, using any telegraphic code. In Manila harbor, during the insurrection, messages were frequently sent more than forty miles, by using the clouds as reflectors. This system can be used on cloudless nights, but the signals cannot be seen so far. The searchlight is also used in signalling on the same principle as wig-wag flags.

Searchlight drills take place whenever a squadron lies in harbor. Steam launches, to represent attacking torpedo boats, are sent out from the vessels, with instructions to return under full speed, each launch striving to get as close as possible without being discovered. Meanwhile the searchlights are so directed as to have their rays skin every square of water within the light's range. Sometimes, even under this severe glare of light, the boats succeed in reaching their whips. In actual war this would, of course, result in the annihilation of the war vessel.

Visitors to the Jamestown Exposition will have an opportunity to see searchlight-drills on a scale never before attempted.

## Indians at State Fair.

One of the most interesting and instructive features of the Wisconsin State Fair, to be held in Milwaukee September 10-14, will be a model Indian Village, composed of Indians from various Wisconsin reservations. This exhibit is being arranged for at great expense and under the supervision of a well-known ethnologist, and will undoubtedly be the best effort ever made in Wisconsin to show the Indian to advantage and illustrate his manner of living, games, councils and computations.

The Indian Village will occupy a large portion of the beautiful grove in the southwestern section of the Fair Grounds, and will be a free feature for all who attend the Fair. There will be a special program of Indian events for each day of the Fair. The committee in charge of the exhibit proposes to show the Indian as he might have been found in the wilds of Wisconsin one hundred years ago. Many of the most striking types of Indian men have been secured for the exhibit, and with them will come their squaws and papooses. They will live in their Indian tipis, the babies will be rocked in cradles suspended from the trees and the squaws will be busily engaged in making Indian baskets, stringing beads and following their usual daily routine work. The Indians will be encamped a few days prior to the opening of the Fair and be a leading feature the entire week.

Special reduced railroad rates of one fare for the round trip have been announced for State Fair week.

7-18-06

State of Wisconsin, Wood County—In the Circuit Court, Lawrence Ward, Plaintiff, vs. Grant G. Sowden and Clark M. Sowden, his wife, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given by virtue of and punctually to a judgment of foreclosure and sale rendered and entered in the above and last action in the Circuit Court of Wood County, on the 22nd day of June, A. D. 1906, in favor of the above named plaintiff, and against the above named defendants, before that any suit having elapsed since the entry of said judgment and no part thereof has been paid, that on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1906, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Court House in the City of Grant Rapids in said County and State, the said Plaintiff, the highest bidder for cash, at the following premises described in and marked with a copy of the Deed of Record of Section number one, Township number twenty-one (21), north 10th Township number Three (3) East, in Wood County, Wisconsin, will be sold at public auction.

Dated this 14th day of July, A. D. 1906.

D. Conway, Sheriff of Wood County, Wisconsin.  
D. Conway, Plaintiff's attorney.

Very Low Rates to Roanoke, Va., via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold August 11 to 18, inclusive, with favorable return limits, on account of Annual Convention National Firemen's Association. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R. R.

Creamery Man's Commandments.

[Announcements may be made under this heading by any person who wishes to do so, without regard to party or factional affiliations, the same to be paid for at advertising rates.]

## NOTICE TO REPUBLICAN VOTERS.

I wish to hereby announce my candidacy for the Republican nomination of State Senator for the 14th Senatorial District, at the coming September primaries.

Dated, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin,

June 25th, 1906.

Thos. W. Brzezan.

## CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Sheriff of the republican ticket, subject to the approval of the voters at the primary election to be held on Sept. 4th, and solicit the votes and support of all those who think the western part of the county should be represented by some officer at the county seat.

Geo. W. Brown,  
Pittsfield, Wis.

## CANDIDATE FOR CO. TREASURER.

I, the undersigned, hereby announce my candidacy for the office of county treasurer of Wood county.

In harmony with the precedent where county officers have given satisfaction to the people, I again seek the nomination. If re-nominated and re-elected I promise to perform the duties of said office to the best of my ability.

Philip F. Bean.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of district attorney on the republican ticket, subject to the action of voters at the primary election to be held on Sept. 4th, 1906. John J. Jeffrey.

## TO THE REPUBLICANS OF WOOD CO.

I hereby announce myself as candidate for district attorney at the primaries to be held next September fourth. I trust my candidacy will meet with your approval.

Louis A. Baum.

## FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Upon the solicitation of friends in many parts of the county I have concluded to become a candidate for district attorney on the Republican ticket at the primaries to be held next September. R. E. Andrews, Mansfield, Wis.

## CANDIDATE FOR CLERK OF COURT.

I, the undersigned, clerk of the circuit court, as usual with the precedent where an officer has given satisfaction to the people, again seek the nomination. If re-elected to the said office I promise to my ability.

A. B. Bauer.

## CANDIDATE FOR CO. CLERK.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of the county clerk of Wood County to succeed myself. For two years past I have served the people in this capacity and believe my actions have been such as to warrant my asking for a continuance in the said office. In the future as in the past I promise a faithfulness to every trust.

Geo. W. Davis.

## CANDIDATE FOR REGISTER DEEDS.

I, the undersigned, register of deeds of Wood County, in harmony with the usual precedent where county officers have given satisfaction to the people, present myself as candidate for re-nomination upon the record I have made during my first term. If re-nominated and re-elected I promise to perform the duties of my office to the best of my ability.

W. S. Powell.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the voters of Wood Co.:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for county clerk of Wood County on the democratic ticket at the coming primary election to be held on Sept. 4.

E. J. Hahn.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the voters of Wood Co.:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for county clerk of Wood County on the democratic ticket at the coming primary election to be held on Sept. 4.

C. E. Boles.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the voters of Wood Co.:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for member of assembly of Wood County, on the democratic ticket at the coming primary election to be held on Sept. 4.

M. Dunn.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the voters of Wood Co.:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for sheriff of Wood County at the coming primary election to be held on Sept. 4.

Julius Welch.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the voters of Wood Co.:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for surveyor of Wood Co. on the democratic ticket at the coming primary election to be held on Sept. 4.

Michael Krings.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the voters of Wood Co.:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for coroner on the democratic ticket at the coming primary election to be held on Sept. 4.

H. Van Ruth.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT.

## Repairing!

I do anything in the line of Repairing Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Razors, Shears, and Saws sharpened. All my work guaranteed.

The Best Carpenter Tools can always be found here.

A full line of Fine Cutlery, Guns and Revolvers kept in stock. Give me a call.

**D. M. HUNTINGTON**  
East side, near City Hall

## Cement Work

We have a large quantity of Portland Cement which was bought before the rise, and it pay to call up 11 and see how cheap we can lay your sidewalks. We put in basements, and do all kinds of cement work.

**Bossett Bros. & Co.**  
Grand Rapids, Wis.

**ORSON P. COCHRAN.**

Piano Tuner.

Best of work guaranteed. Call telephone 230 or at the house 117 Third Ave. N.

Office Phone 251.

**W. MELVIN RUCKLE, M. D.**  
Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Glasses fitted correctly. Eye and Ear Surgeon to Riverview Hospital. Office in Wood County bank building.

**J. J. JEFFREY,**  
Lawyer.

Loans and Collections, Commercial and Probate Law. Office over Gross & Lyons.

**DR. D. A. RIDGMAN,**  
Dentist.

Office over Wood County National Bank on the Rock Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. A. B. CRAWFORD,**  
Dentist.

High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Rockland building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. A. L. RIDGMAN,**  
Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 92, Residence, phone No. 23 Office over Charles Drug Store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. W. D. HARVIE,**  
Physician and Surgeon.

Specialty of eye, nose and throat. Glasses guaranteed. Office over Dr. Dug's drug store West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**J. R. BAGAN,**

Licensed Undertaker

and Embalmer.

Successor to G. W. Baker. Store, phone 311. Night Phone 101. East Grand Rapids, Wis.

**JOHN A. GAYNOR,**

Attorney at Law.

Office over the Postoffice on the East Side. Will practice in all courts.

**WIPPERMAN & HAMBRECHT**

Attorneys at Law.

Office on east side, over Wood County National Bank, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**W. J. CONWAY,**

Attorney at Law.

Money loaned, Real estate bought and sold.

Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,**

Attorneys at Law.

Office in the MacKinnon Block on the West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**B. M. VAUGHAN,**

Attorney at Law.

Money loaned, Real estate bought and sold.

Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**D. D. CONWAY,**

Attorney at Law.

Law, Law and Collections. We have \$20,000 which will be paid at a low rate of interest.

Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**F. G. GILKEY AGENCY,**

Insurance.

Fire, Life and Accident. Office w. G. W. Paulus at east end of bridge, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

**W. E. WHEELAN,**

Attorney at Law.

Office in the Daily Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**D. W. HITCHCOCK,**

Attorney at Law.

MacKinnon Block, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

**NATWICK & CARHART**

Licensed

Embalmers & Funeral Directors

—Telephones

Natwick 215 Office 384 Carhart 118

**HARRIET WILLIAMS**

Teacher of Piano

Telephone 293 Studio—Oak St.

**T. B. SCOTT**

FREE LIBRARY.

HOURS

From 2:30 to 6 p. m. & 7 to 8:30 p. m.

Every Day Except Sunday.

From 9 to 12:00 Saturday morning.

Children's Room Closed After 6 O'clock

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup is sold under a positive guarantee to cure constipation, sick headaches, neuralgic trouble, or any form of indigestion. If it fails, the manufacturer refund your money. What more can any one do.

Daly Drug & Jewelry Co.

## BRIEF LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

—Attend one of Allen's Business Colleges.

John Capress was on the sick list a few days the past week.

W. Nolte of Babcock was in the city on business Monday.

J. J. Jeffrey transacted business in Marshfield last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Miller and family, Roe and Fern Love are spending this week at the Navajo club house.

Misses Belle Marsh of St. Paul and Ruth Bradstreet of LaCrosse are guests at the Peterich home this week.

Misses Angelle and Eleanor Gouger left on Saturday for a two weeks visit with relatives and friends at Stevens Point.

Misses Kate Kammerer and Jennie Knutz spent Sunday with relatives and friends at Green Bay and Wrightstown.

John Larson of Rudolph was a pleasant caller at the Tribune office on Thursday while in the city on business.

Miss Rose Metzger returned to her home in this city on Saturday after making a weeks visit with friends in Winona.

Wilber Horschleb, who is employed as fireman on the C. & N. W., is spending this week at his home in Winona.

Dr. J. J. Looze and family spent last week at their club house near Bron.

Axle Jenson passed thru this city on Monday en route to his home in Waupaca.

J. T. Schumacher is transacting business in Chicago and Milwaukee this week.

Roy. G. Baum spent Wednesday in Marshfield where he was the guest of Rev. Thom.

Ringing Bros. Big Show will appear in Green Bay, Wednesday, August 22nd.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Ackerman of Plymouth are guests at the Otto Reuter home this week.

Misses Cassie Canning, Agnes Daly and Alice Daly called on Neekoan and friends Thursday.

R. Oberhuck and Frank McCullough were in Chicago a few days the past week but is visiting friends at Bron.

Mrs. W. S. Powell spent a few days at the home of her parents at Marshfield last week.

Harold and Dan Arpil left on Monday for an extended visit with relatives at Bruce.

Miss Myrtle Cleveland leaves tomorrow for her home in Wittenberg after spending two weeks with relatives in this city.

Mrs. Steve Slattery and two daughters left on Monday morning for a weeks visit at the Wm. Konyon home at LaCrosse.

Henry Richards and daughter Effie of Alexander, Minn., are guests at the fall against Sheriff Gylland, who has made four unsuccessful efforts to arrest the defensor of Cameron dam. Ditz has already served one term as sheriff of Barron county, but left the county to take up new land at Cameron dam, where he has had his hands full of trouble. The Sawyer people say that Ditz will win.

R. A. Havenor was in Amherst last week where he attended the banquet of the Red and White School Association's first reunion. The Amherst Advocate had the following item to say about Mr. Havenor—

R. A. Havenor of Grand Rapids, one of the early instructors in the old white school house, gave a toast to the days of Auld Lang Syne that was an innovation, as he went a little way back of Amherst to the days of Adam and Eve, interestingly tracing some of the wonders of the world found since their time and contrasting remote periods of the world with the present day.

Boy Kammerer, who is employed at Prentiss, arrived in the city Saturday and will spend two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Kammerer.

Edward Armstrong was in the city over Sunday on his way from La Crosse to Iola, and at the latter place he will join the D. D. Smith Show company.

Allen Jenkins returned last Wednesday from an extended visit with his son Clark at Amherst.

Mrs. J. W. Rockwell and Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Orane of this city drove over to Stevens Point Sunday and spent the day with friends.

Miss Ellen Gotchis of Canada, arrived in the city last week and will visit at the home of her brother, Horace Gotchis, for a few months.

Charles Gaynor of Green Bay was the guest of Grand Rapids friends on Saturday and Sunday.

Arthur Riehleman left on Saturday for an extended visit at his home in Mukomoko.

Misses Anna and Emma Erickson left on Thursday for a weeks visit with relatives at Waupaca.

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Cecile and Edmund Arpil left Thursday for a two weeks visit with relatives in Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brockman are spending a few weeks with relatives in Rockford and Oshkosh.

Wednesday afternoon, August 15, Glad Tidings Circle will meet with Mrs. F. P. Auckut. A ten cent luncheon will be served. You are cordially invited.

Mrs. Sarah Sizer left on Saturday for a weeks visit with relatives at Green Bay and Pine Grove.

Leo Boyanowski has accepted a position as assistant driver with the United States Express Co.

Miss Carolyn Kutz left on Sunday for a weeks visit with relatives at Green Bay and Pine Grove.

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Leo Boyanowski has accepted a position as deliverman for the Grand Rapids Tea and Coffee store.

"My Wife's Family" is the bill at the Grand Opera House Friday night, August 10th. Don't miss it.

Valvoline cylinder oil, the very best for gasoline engines at Krieger's.

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup is sold under a positive guarantee to cure constipation, sick headaches, neuralgic trouble, or any form of indigestion. If it fails, the manufacturer refund your money. What more can any one do.

Daly Drug & Jewelry Co.

John Herron of the town of Grand Rapids has purchased the Gross Saloon on the east side and will run the place himself.

Mrs. B. G. Eggert and Mrs. Alf. Canning will entertain the Ladies Foreign Missionary societies of the Congregational and Christian churches at the home of Mrs. Eggert on Wednesday afternoon, August 15th.

Julius Welsch, of Marshfield, candidate for sheriff on the Democratic ticket was in the city on Friday and Saturday distributing literature for the State Central Fair which will be held in Marshfield, Sept. 11, 12, 13 and 14th.

Prof. E. L. Hayward came up from Hancock on Tuesday to attend to some business matters in this city. Mr. Hayward has been spending the summer on his father's farm near Hancock and reports that the crops look better down that way than they have for a number of years.

Wausau Record—Robert Kickbusch went up to his summer cottage at Minocqua this morning. He was accompanied by Robert Roland, Grant Boardley and George Wales of Grand Rapids, and Wm. Osborne of this city, who will be his guests for the next few days.

—The sale of seats for Stephens and Linton's "My Wife's Family," the bright and delightful musical comedy which made such a tremendous hit last season, will be placed on sale Monday morning. Manager Hamilton heartily endorses this attraction.

Reserved seats 3

## GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE

BY DRUMB & SUTOR.

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

"The Burial of Sir John Moore."

A writer in the Critic has discovered why the author of that old-time favorite of the school readers, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," never succeeded in writing any other poem which was considered worth printing. It appears that "The Burial of Sir John Moore" is nothing but a translation from the French of a poem by Lally-Tollendal, an officer of the French army, who wrote the poem after the death of a fellow soldier. Here are two stanzas from the French poem:

Ne le sacre de l'ambre, \* \* \* n'est le meurtre de l'ombre.

Ne le ton des soldats, \* \* \* ne marmonne pas de mort.

Mais de l'oreille, la haine, la travers le coeur.

Monter \* \* \* n'importe partout en cavale un retournement.

De minuit éveillé l'heure, et édouard et sonne.

La lune a pâle affiche sur son épaule.

Le soleil, l'abat-panache, dans l'ombre.

Quand le loup la larmouche en croise le gazon.

Le ouïe, l'ouïe, l'ouïe, l'ouïe, l'ouïe, l'ouïe.

Le ouïe, l'ouïe, l'ouïe, l'ouïe, l'ouïe, l'ou

## The Man on the Box

By HAROLD MacGRATH  
Author of "The Greyfriars," "The Puppet Master."

Copyright, 1904. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

During the music Karloff and Colonel Annesley drifted into the latter's study. What passed between them I gather from bits recently dropped by Warburton.

"Good God, Karloff, what a net you have sprung about me!" said the colonel, despondently.

"My dear Colonel, you have only to step out of it. It is the eleventh hour; it is not too late." But Karloff watched the colonel eagerly.

"How in God's name can I step out of it?"

"Steady, reimburse me for that \$20,000 I advanced to you in good faith, and nothing more need be said." The count's Slavonic eyes were half-blinded.

"To give you back that amount will leave me a beggar, an absolute beggar, without a roof to shelter me. I am too old for service, and, besides, I am physically incapacitated. If you should force me, I could not make my note say by selling the house my child was born in. Have you discounted it?"

"No. Why should I present it at the bank? It does not mature till next Monday, and I am in no need of money."

"What a wretched I am!"

Karloff raised his shoulders resignedly.

"My daughter?"

"Of my dearest," whimsically quoted the count. "Come, Colonel; do not waste time in useless retrospect. My amiable wife looks back. I have been thinking of your daughter. I love her, deeply, eternally."

"You love her?"

"Yes. I love her because she appears to all that is young and good. In me, because she represents the highest type of womanhood. With her as my wife, why, I should be willing to renounce my country, and your indolentness would be crossed out of existence with one stroke of the pen."

The colonel's haggard face grew light with sudden hopefulness.

"I have been," the count went on, studying the ash of his cigar, "till this night what the world and my own conscience consider an honorable man. I have never wronged a man or woman personally. What I have done on the order of duty does not agitate my conscience. I am simply a machine. The moral responsibility rests with the czar. When I saw your daughter, I deeply regretted that you were her father."

The colonel grew rigid in his chair.

"Do not misunderstand me. Before I saw her, you were the key to what I desired. As her father the matter took on a personal side. I could never so conscientiously make love to a man to whom it does not suit. You ask for something which I can not give, and each time you ask only adds to the pain."

"This is faulty?"

"It is."

"Oh, well; then I must continue on the end."

She interpreted this as a plaint of his coming loneliness.

"Here!" she said. She held in her hands two red roses. She thrust one toward him. "That is all I may give you."

For a moment he hesitated. There were chords, invisible and strung.

"He accepted it, kissed it gravely, and hit it.

"This is the bitterest moment in my life, and doubly because I love you."

When the parties fell behind him, she locked her hands, grieving that all she could give him was an ephemeral flower. How many men had turned from her in this wise, even as she began to depend upon them for their friendships! The dark room oppressed her and she stepped out once more into the silver of moonlight. Have you ever beheld a lovely woman, fondle a lovely rose? She drew it, pendent on its slender stem, slowly across her lips, her eyes shining mirthfully with waking dreams. She breathed in the perfume, then cupped the flower in the palm of her hand and pressed it again and again to her lips. A long white arm stretched forward and upward toward the moon, and when it withdrew the hand was empty.

Warburton, hidden behind the vines, waited until she was gone, and then refuted to give up the rose he would have to fight for it, and probably get liked into the bargain.

"I've a notion you might attempt to take it by force in case I refused."

"I surrendered it peacefully enough, sir."

"So you did. Here." The colonel turned the flower across the room and Warburton caught it.

"I should like to know, sir, if you are going to expose me. It's no more than I deserve."

The colonel studied the lithographs on the walls. "Your selection?"—with a wave of the hand.

"No, sir. I should like to know what you are going to do. It would relieve my mind. As a matter of fact, I confess that I am growing weary of the mask." Warburton wailed.

"You make a very respectable butler, though,"—musingly.

"Shall you expose me, sir?"—persecuted.

"No lad. I should not want it to get about that a former officer of mine could possibly make such an ass of himself. You have slept all night in jail, you have groomed horses, you have worn a liver which no gentleman with any self-respect would wear, and all to no purpose whatever. Why, in the name of the infernal regions, didn't you meet her in a formal way?" There would have been plenty of opportunity and his sense of the humorous.

He pointed toward the stables and drew the colonel after him; but the colonel held back.

"The rose first; I insist upon having that rose till you have given me a satisfactory account of yourself."

Warburton reluctantly surrendered his treasure. Force of habit is a peculiar human trait. The colonel had no real authority to demand the rose; but Warburton would no more have thought of disobeying than of running away.

"You will give it back to me?"

"That remains to be seen. Go on; I am ready to follow you. And I do not want any dragooning either." The colonel spoke impatiently.

Warburton led him into his room and turned on the light. The colonel seated himself on the edge of the cot and lighted a fresh cigar.

"It is the invisible embrace which entwines all animate things. There is no life for the wretched, for the fool, for

the innocent knave, for those who are entangled by their own folly; pity for those who love without reward; pity for those who embrace . . . even me."

Silence.

"Has it ever occurred to you that there are two beings in each of us; that between these two there is a continual conflict, and that the victor finally prints the victory on the face? For what lines and haughty a man's face have the victory of the evil that is in him? For what makes aged ruddy and smooth of face and clear of eye but the victory of the good that is in him? It is so. I still love you; I still have the courage to ask you to be my wife. Shall there be faces haggard or ruddy, lined or smooth?"

She stepped inside. She did not comprehend all he said, and his face was in the shadow—that is to say, unreadable.

"I am sorry, very, very sorry."

"How easily you say that!"

"No, not easily; it only you knew how hard it comes, for I know that it

"Well, sir, out with it. I am waiting."

Warburton took several turns about the room. "I don't know how the deuce to begin, Colonel. It began with a joke that turned out wrong."

"Indeed?"—sarcastically. "Let me hear about this joke."

Miss Zhames dallied no longer, but plunged boldly into his narrative. Sometimes the colonel stared at him as if he held a species of lunatic absolutely new to him, sometimes he laughed silently, sometimes he frowned.

"That's all," said Zhames; and he stood watching the colonel with dread in his eyes.

"Well, of all the damn fools!"

"Sic!"

"Of all the jackasses!"

Warburton bit his lip angrily.

The colonel swung the rose to and fro. "Yes, sir, a damn fool!"

"I dare say that I am, sir. But I have gone too far to back out now. Will you give me back that rose, Colonel?"

"What do you mean by her?"—coldly.

"I love her with all my heart,"—hotly. "I want her for my comrade, my wife, my companion, my partner in all I have to do. I love her, and I don't care a hang who knows it."

"Not so loud, my friend; not so loud."

"Oh, I don't care who hears,"—discreetly.

"That beats the very devil! You've got me all balled up. Is Betty Annesley a girl of the kind we read about in the papers as sloping with her groom. What earthly chance had you in this guise, I should like to know?"

"I only wanted to be near her; I did not look ahead."

"Well, I should say not! How long were you behind that trellis?"

"A year, so it seemed to me."

"Any funnies among your ancestors?"

Warburton shook his head, smiling wanly.

"I can't make it out," declared the colonel. "A graduate of West Point, the top of Troop A, the hero of a hundred hall-rooms, disguised as a hostler and serving soup!"

"Always keep the motive in mind, Colonel; you were young yourself once."

The colonel thought of the girl's mother. Yes he had been young once, but not quite so young as this cub of his.

"What chance do you suppose you have against the handsome Russian?"

"She has rejected him,"—thoughtlessly.

"Hm!"—frowning. "So you were saved/dropping?"

"Wait a moment, Colonel. You know that I am very fond of music. I was listening to the music. It had ceased and I was waiting for it to begin again, when I heard voices."

"Why did you not leave them?"

"And he observed? I dared not!"

The colonel chewed the end of his cigar in silence.

"And now may I have that rose, sir?"—quietly.

The colonel observed him warily. He knew that quiet tone. It said that if

"This is the finality?"

"It is."

"Oh, well; then I must continue on the end."

She interpreted this as a plaint of his coming loneliness.

"Here!" she said. She held in her hands two red roses. She thrust one toward him.

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# AMONG CRANBERRY MEN.

EDITED BY W. H. FITCH.

Latest news and special exchanges relating to this department should be sent to Cranberry, Wood County, Wis.

## Eastern Conditions.

Then the courtesy of Mr. E. L. Brown of Brockton, Mass., we are in receipt of clipping from The Times from which we take the following extract:

The cranberry bugs in the vicinity of Wardsboro, several of which carry investments of Brockton capital, have had a new enemy to contend with this year, or, rather, the return of an old one after an absence of several years.

The army worm in the vicinity of Wardsboro, several of which carry investments of Brockton capital, have had a new enemy to contend with this year, or, rather, the return of an old one after an absence of several years.

The army worm has again made its appearance and has caused deviation to the bugs. This worm is the largest of all the insects which attack the vines, being an inch and a half in length and having a ravenous appetite for the tender buds and shoots. Many bugs have been ravaged and the damage to the crop will be considerable.

The usual pests effective upon other cranberry beds have little effect on the army worm. The only effective remedy is plowing, which has been resorted to wherever possible.

When the bugs were submerged in the water, the worms floated on the surface and were raked off and piled in heaps and burned.

The bugs blossomed heavily this year and the prospects are that the crop will be an average one in spite of the fact that the various kinds of worms have played more than usual havoc. The only remaining cause of anxiety for the grower is the trout worm. Millers are now appearing in profusion and at their eggs are laid in the buds and the worm is hatched inside the berry and eats its way out, nothing can be done to ward off the damage from this source.

H. J. Franklin of the state agricultural department is making an exhaustive study of the cranberry industry. This is the first time the department has made an effort to aid the cranberry growers, although hitherto none have been spent upon other agricultural pursuits in which the crop is of less value than the cranberry industry, which has reached a value of a million and a half yearly.

Next year efforts will be made to procure a larger appropriation from the state, which will admit of the carrying out of experiments on a much larger scale.

Concerning the Wisconsin Cranberry Sales Co. The Times says it is possible the Cape Cod Cranberry Grower's Association may take hand in the marketing of the fruit for the growers and the result of the Wisconsin experiment will be awaited, and should it prove a success their example will undoubtedly be followed here. Wisconsin is rapidly assuming the leadership in experimentation, showing a much better organization and a more progressive spirit than the growers of the Cape, although the industry here is five or six times greater.

The Cape is pre-eminently the cranberry producing section of the world, producing more berries than all other sections put together. The town of Gaynor raises more berries than the whole state of Wisconsin, although the industry in the latter place has had extensive aid from the state, and has been aided to quite an extent by the United States weather bureau, which has established a service for its benefit, reports being sent out from a station in the bog country while the "pioneer" approach to a weather service for the benefit of the Cape growers is reports sent out by telegraph from Boston and telephoned to such growers as can be readily reached.

Frost reports sent out from Boston are usually anticipated by the growers before they arrive and measures taken to know the bugs. It is found also that the temperature at the bugs differs greatly from that at Boston, and that a service to be effective must be localized. With the growing importance of the cranberry industry such aid as is accorded other agricultural industries should be given, and the Cape Cod Cranberry association will make an effort for recognition.

Chever, Mass., July 2. The out look for a cranberry crop was generally good until May 23, when a severe frost killed many of the buds on unflooded bugs. Bugs that were flooded on those nights presented a good crop.

The army worm has entirely destroyed the crop on one bog at South Carter, but another bog nearby was saved by flooding. No army worms have been seen in this part of the town, but vine worms and root worms are working on some bugs. There is prospect of a larger crop than last year, but not a full crop.—J. A. Vaughan in Waltham (Mass.) Courier.

Dealers' Point of View.

From all the information we have at hand this time, the crop of cranberries in all producing sections will be up to the average yield of former years," says Joseph Wilkinson.

"There has, no doubt, been some change done to various crops both in Massachusetts and New Jersey but on the other hand there is a greatly increased acreage, especially in New Jersey. Some large bugs will commence to produce their first crop.

We also call the attention of the community to the fact that very rapid strides have been made in the cultivation of New Jersey cranberries the past few years. The fact of the matter is the very finest cranberries are now grown in New Jersey. Most all the new bugs have been set out with special Cape Cod varieties and for the strictly fancy, long keeping berries, Jersey is coming to the front.

"As usual we will be in the best possible position to make quotations and give such information as buyers desire regarding both Cape Cod and Jersey cranberries when they come to move. We have our solicitors and buyers constantly driving in all producing sections of Massachusetts and New Jersey and we aim to keep thoroughly posted on the situation from start to finish.

"We control quite a number of very large bugs, the goods from which we handle from year to year. We either buy them outright for shipment to our western friends or sell them on consignment in our city and we can guarantee the very best possible service as regards to making prompt shipment and furnishing the very finest berries that are produced. We are out for the cranberry business and respectfully solicit inquiries when ready to buy."—The Packer

## Denter's Point of View.

According to the Packer Wm. White, manager of the Chicago firm of Crosby and Moyers, has recently received some information from the cranberry district in Massachusetts and since this item is a heavy operator in those berries the information will be received with interest by the trade generally that figures in the cranberry deal.

While mere or less damage has been done to cranberries from frost and the army worm, still the outlook in the Wardsboro, Gaynor and Plymouth sections is considered fair for the season's crop. Some bugs have been considerably injured from frost and growers say that it is not a foregone conclusion that the crop is yet safe as frosts have been known to kill berries every month in the year. There some anxiety is always felt on account of a bug which may come at any hour and ruin a bog that may have escaped the frost and gave every promise of a bountiful yield.

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Whitening the Teeth.

The teeth are improved by the use of salt, rubbed wet when the mouth is stained with fruit it will bleach perfectly. Rubbed in once a day with a brush it is a tonic and antiseptic, and combined with peroxide it makes a powerful bleach. This is done by wetting a brush with a few drops of peroxide of hydrogen and then dipping it into the salt. This will have "most pronounced effect upon yellow teeth, whitening them, notwithstanding, but it should not be used longer than once in ten days or the enamel will be injured."

Tender Feet.

A good bath for tender feet is composed of five quarts of hot water, 200 grains of soap and five grains of alum. The feet should be soaked in this bath for ten minutes. Dry thoroughly. If your feet are sore after a long walk or vigorous exercise, massage them with olive oil. They respond to care very quickly. If your feet swell from long standing, dissolve one ounce of alum, two ounces of rock salt and two ounces of borax in the bath.

One of Fox's Pains.

"I hear you can make a pain on any subject," said a woman to the irresistible Fox. "Make one on king."

"King is no subject," promptly replied the joker.

His Advice.

The Actor—What shall I do to fill the house at my benefit? Lady Friend—Invite your creditors.

It is just as well that some of our blessings come in disguise; otherwise they would never catch us.—Puck.

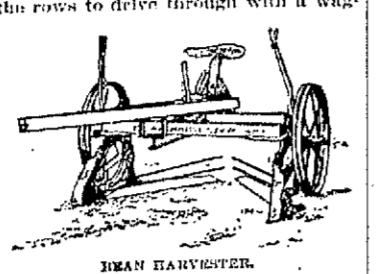
# FARM AND GARDEN

## BEAN HARVESTING.

### Cutting by Machinery—Storing In Bins and Threshing.

Formerly beans were pulled by hand, but now the work is done almost exclusively by machinery in the main districts. The bean harvester or cutter shown here is a two-wheeled machine, having two long steel blades so adjusted that as the machine passes over the ground they sweep along just at or below the surface and cut the bean stalks or pull them up. The blades are set slightly, sloping backward toward one another and left in a single row. Soon after the beans are pulled men pass along with forks, throwing them into small bunches.

After drying perhaps for one day the bunches are turned and so moved that the rows, as left by the puller, are made into one, leaving space between the rows to drive through with a wagon.



BEAN HARVESTER.

on. If drying weather prevails they will become fit for drying and storing in the barns without further turning, but if the weather is unfavorable the bunches must be frequently turned to prevent the beans in these pods rotting on the ground from becoming damaged.

The foregoing in American Agriculture Professor J. L. Stone adds that wet weather does not injure the crop seriously provided the beans are not allowed to rest on the wet ground long at a time, but the frequent turning necessary to prevent them from injury involves considerable labor.

When dried they are stored in barns by the bay and may be threshed at convenience. The threshing is done by specially constructed machines much like the ordinary grain threshers. Some growers prefer to thresh with the old fashioned flail, claiming that the saving in beans that otherwise would be split compensates for the slower work.

### Fattening the Turkey.

The largest and heaviest turkeys I ever raised were finished off as follows, says a writer in an exchange: About the last of October, or as very cold nights come on, I shelter new corn, placing some of this in a kettle, boiling it from morning until noon. It would be nearly cold in the evening at the evening mealtime.

The birds would be fed all they would eat just before they went to roost. This boiling made the corn easy to digest. I always keep geese and good clean water where the birds can get it. At the price turkeys have sold for the last few years, a pound or two added to their weight makes quite an item in the value of a large flock of turkeys.

### Vermont Notes.

Farms are selling rapidly, mostly to men from St. Lawrence County, N. Y., and nearly all to become permanent homes. One was sold to a New Jersey party for a summer residence. Deserted farms are nearly obsolete in that section.

Proprietors are securing every stalk of spruce possible. One company has bought several thousand acres, consisting of back farms, and proposes using the best land for keeping sheep, the remainder to be set with millions of spruce trees, a forestry experiment.

### Blight in the Sugar Beet.

In a record of some field observations on the sugar beet G. W. Shaw of California mentions an abnormal development of side roots as the usual accom-

### The Wisconsin Crops.

The crops of the state are very good said J. M. True in his latest crop report. This is what Mr. True says:

"The month of July has, as a whole been remarkably favorable to the interests of the Wisconsin farmer.

"In some portions of the southern

portion of the state there has been insufficient rain for the proper growth of crops—while pastures have suffered severely—but these conditions are not general. The hay crop was secured in good condition, and while the number of tons harvested is considerably less than that of last year, the excellent quality makes the crop a valuable one.

"Wheat, rye and barley have also gone into stock in good shape, and the promise of yield is above the average.

"Oats are now being harvested and are generally of excellent quality. There has been little loss from lodging, and consequently complaint of rust has not been general.

"Corn has made a rapid growth, and in many parts of the state is more promising now than at the same date last year.

"Potatoes are almost universally reported in healthy conditions,—very little blight or rust being reported.

"Late tobacco is somewhat backward, but growing rapidly, and fields are generally clear and well cared for. Early planted is already well in blossom.

"Sugar beets have made a good growth, and where properly thinned and weeded promise excellent yields.

"Apples have fallen badly and the crop will be light, except where trees were properly sprayed.

"We have never in the history of our work, been able to give so uniformly favorable a report of all farm crops at this season of the year, as at this time.

"The more uniform rainfall in central and northern Wisconsin causes a better showing from those sections than from the southern counties."

Common brass pins are one of the smallest articles of manufacture, yet call for one of the largest consumptions of metals, and the metal thus consumed is lost to the world forever, as it never finds its way back into the channels of commerce in the form of scrap or junk. This is of interest to this section of Wisconsin for the reason that about 40 per cent of brass pins is zinc. If there are 96,000,000 people in this country and each one uses up and loses one ounce of pins per year, it means 6,000,000 lbs. of zinc metal, calling for 3,400,000 lbs. of zinc, and to produce zinc for this one item for the American trade alone requires over one hundred carloads of high grade black jack."

Pattox has pioneered a custom that ought to prevail in every school. In the state, in their graded school they have provided each child with an individual drinking cup, these being properly labeled and kept in a cabinet. They have had no epidemic of any contagious disease there, but are simply proceeding on the "ounce of prevention" theory.—Montgomery Herald.

GOING EAST.

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# CUPID EVER BUSY

Merry and Impractical Little God of Love  
Seems Never to Take a Vacation  
From His Pleasing Duties.

## FIVE OF HIS MOST RECENT PRANKS

Victims Selected From All Walks of Life and in  
Many Climes—American Mining Engineer  
and Grecian Countess Among Others Shot  
By His Unerring Arrows—John Bull Shows  
How Love Laughs at Law.

New York—Within the space of a journey, and as were several friends. "You see," she explained, "Mr. Cowan couldn't get away and it came down to a point of my going to Trinidad. We had been engaged for four years and we didn't want to wait any longer. But at first everything seemed to go wrong."

"When Mr. Cowan sent for me first I was too ill to go. The second time I couldn't make the Maraval. Then he sent for me to come on the 6th of August, but that made it too long. So at last we arranged for this trip of the Maraval and Capt. Hunter is going to give me away."

"Well, all our plans were made for this voyage," continued Miss Whyte, "when suddenly Mr. Cowan discovered that we would have to wait for two weeks until the bands could be published. Here I was, all ready to sail, without any chapron except the stewardess, and I must wait two weeks before I could be married."

"And last of all, but not least, he has arranged a wedding on the high seas, outside the international five-mile limit, so that an impatient young couple wouldn't have to wait two weeks for the bands to be published, thus single-handedly setting aside the stern and implacable malevolence of the British common law."

It has been left for Miss Alice Whyte and M. Hall Cown to show John Bull how love laughs at law. They just couldn't wait two weeks longer, so they were married according to the rites of the Church of England far out at sea. Thus saved the two weeks bands and made happy two young persons very much, happy, says the World.

The two young people come from Windsor, Ont. The young man popped the question four years ago and got his whispered "yes," sweetest word in the world. But they couldn't be married then, for the fact that the young man hadn't been graduated from the University of Michigan and hadn't established himself in business.

Sent for Premised Wife. He was graduated in 1901. Soon after he got a position with Hiram Walker.

Mr. Schroeder is engineer for the

ago to inspect them and there she met the American. The rest was easy, because Cupid had his mind made up.

Mr. Schroeder pleaded his case and the Greek engineer agreed to become the plain American, "Mrs." So they came back to Brooklyn to be married.

But this didn't end the ceremonial part of the wedding. The contessa wanted also a wedding in the faith of her fathers, so all the party jumped over to Manhattan and up to the little Greek church, Seventy-second street, near Lexington avenue, where there was another wedding, according to the full ritual of the orthodox Greek church.

There was a crowd of the couple's friends to see the beautiful ceremony, which included hymns and chants by a full vested choir. The contessa ended with the crowning of the couple with flowers.

And Cupid had come out victor again.

Love God at Work in Hospital. The doctors shook their heads. The bad boy on the operating table before them was pretty far gone. He had gangrenous appendicitis, and the poison had already set in.

"One chance in a hundred," said the operating surgeon as he prepared the instruments and motioned to his assistants to administer the anesthetic. "And now, Miss Vanhorn, if you please," he said, turning to a pretty trained nurse who stood ready to help.

Soon the ether had done its work and the knives began. An hour later

Cook Daniels. The laws said them no. But they did.

"It is forbidden," read the laws of the state of Colorado, "that either party to a divorce, either guilty or innocent, marry within a year." Here was pretty Mrs. Daniels, just freed from the bonds and now up in the air in love with young Mr. Schley, unable to marry the man of her second choice. And here was the young man, a resident of Colorado Springs, and quite ill, eager to marry before it might be too late.

What were they to do?

Cupid solved the problem as usual. What are laws where love is concerned? He just suggested to young Mr. Schley, to whom marriage is no object, that he hire a special train, cross the state line into Nebraska at 50 miles an hour, there pledge their troth and return married in spite of Colorado laws.

It was no ceremony. The two young people had been devoted to each other openly ever since the voice was granted.

Sidney was the nearest point, 153 miles away. It was only the work of a moment to order the train and the railway officials had it ready to record time. There were two luxuriant drawing-room cars and an engine. One compartment was graced with wedding gifts; every compartment was fragrant with American beauties. With all the guests aboard the train started off to the fluttering of many handkerchiefs.

Soon the engineer, assured of a fat

Mr. Newdigate had other devotees, but none so prominent as Proigne.

Sir Ralph, her husband, by this time, had ceased to be discussed at all. Nobody ever said, nowadays, "Does he care?" "Is he bothered?"

Everybody realized that, even if he hated the whole proceeding, he was quite too emotionless a person (outwardly) to give a sign.

Proigne answered, somewhat asily, "I had hoped that you would be. My important master" was the dead wish that I feel, Miss Adela, to ask you to become my wife, and my intention of approaching you to-morrow with this to me very momentous request."

Adela crimsoned, and drooped her eyes.

"Why haven't you told me this?" Lady Newdigate said to Proigne, turning toward him with a fragmentary coo of misery and looking as though he had ever seen her.

Proigne took out his watch and glanced at it. "I have been here just five minutes, dear lady, as you'll find."

"But I have time," burst from Adela, "to tell you that, to-morrow or at any future day, Mr. Proigne, you need make no such request of me as that which you have just described."

At once Adela slipped from the library. Cyril Proigne made several swift pursuit steps. Then he receded from the doorway through which she had passed. While Adela's unbound

hair was nodding somberly when she finished. "Not at all bad, my dear; not at all bad. You're the sort of woman who could bring them together. Adela Stratford; of course; yes; your step-sister, and just ready to appear in the world. Only 15, too; and Flora Newdigate is 30, if day is the resemblance so striking."

"It's really wonderful; though Flora, you know, is much more beautiful."

Lady Wheatsheaf rose to go.

"Bring her here to tea on Friday; don't fail!" pleaded Mrs. Caverley.

"I'll have Cyril. I positively promise him. And you must positively promise me Adela."

Adela Stratford met Proigne at many places besides his aunt's home in the near future. Lady Wheatsheaf had all the resources of a gay rich woman. She sometimes contrived that meetings which in reality had been artfully arranged should seem products of mere coincidence and accident.

One day, at a Belgravian afternoon crush, Lady Wheatsheaf drew Mrs. Caverley aside.

"My friend young sister has fallen in love," she said.

"With Cyril? So quickly?"

"And now she has just refused you."

"I have hope—much hope. Eventually, I am certain, she will promise me."

"Cyril," she went on, "you mean that you really love her? Well, if you do, she's refused you. Pray, pray forgive me for laughing, but it struck me as so droll."

The girl turned from a window through which she had been gazing down at the fast-driven cabs and victoria. Her eyes were woe-begone.

"You didn't go anywhere to-day, then, Adela?" he weaved.

"To think of it! as a married man!" And he turned to her. Why, she'd been to death in six weeks, with her mortals and proprieties. Am I not enough for you as regards both? I hate her. I hate every one who could separate us. No one shall; no one shall! Poor dear old Ralph is ten years older than both of us. If he does die, I'll—I'll wait a year, and then I'll marry you—there!"

"This girl—a nice girl, but a trifling bore!" he said.

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## ALLOW THE SUN DANCE.

## CHEYENNES INDULGE IN THEIR TORTURING FESTIVITIES.

Government, After Trying to Abolish Practice, Decides It Will Not Interfere with Religious Ceremonies.

The sun dance is a tribal ceremonial of the Cheyennes which to them is of the most solemn religious importance, and the government, after trying to suppress the torturing dance and failings, has decided to let the Indians have their way, and this year the dance has been held with all its old-time gory features.

Look well to your hands and fingers. They are the distinguishing marks of a lady, and a lady is no place for the humblest worker to the bone. The may be a lady, and a queen can be no more.

The working girl should be impersonal. By this I mean that she ought not to expect favors on account of her sex, just as she takes care of her health and guards herself from colds and rheumatism, and nerves and fatigue, so that she may be able six days out of seven to do her work well and faithfully, so she should guard her health from foolish coquetry and affectation.

The men with whom she works must not do her only as a fellow worker, she is not a maid in society to whom she ought to be paid. She is a worker on equal terms who demands only dignity and fair dealing. If her fellow-workers and her employers are true men, and gentlemen, they will not trespass on her rights by paying attention or giving invitations that she cannot with self-respect accept. Indeed, when a working girl surrounds herself with the cool aloofness of pretension, she is in instant danger of being in any way disturbed. The vast body of American men treat women well, no matter in what place or relation the latter may stand.

One of the joyful privileges of the poor girl who works is that she may help her own dear ones. This is not a hardship. On the contrary, right-feeling girls regard it as a pleasure. The bond between mothers and daughters, though the poor is even closer than the bond that unites those who have plenty of this world's goods. A mother is a way a mother and a daughter always a daughter, but for genuine common sense, sacrifice and timelessness, none surpasses the mothers of the poor. Often they have struggled hard to bring their children up, only the angels know what stern adherence to duty, what stern of ease, what vigilance can be shown by mother whose little kingdom of home, a three rooms in a crowded tenement, who has her hands full from mothering to wash, who washes, bakes, cooks, sews, mends, sweeps, nurses babies, tears sometimes with the capricious and whims of a never-do-well husband, and is cheerful and kind and true-hearted through everything.

This mother is as careful a chaperone to her young daughter as any mother in other circles can be, although the word chaperone may not exist for her. When her daughter begins to earn money she takes it home to her mother, and her mother掌管es it and gives her what she thinks the girl can afford to spend. The privilege of helping the home is one of the sweetest and dearest privileges of a working woman among the poor.

A MOST UNIQUE DAILY.

Shaped to Fit a Dish—Rushes Are Worked in Satin Stitch—Fish in Other Stitches.

White linen or small pattern damask should be used for the foundation of this daily, which is shaped to fit a dish. Our model is finished round the edge by buttonhole done in small

stitches. The embroidery design of fish and rushes can be continued for a frame of any size; it may be worked in white or red, ingrain cotton. The rushes are in satin stitch; the fish in cross and dot stitches.

To mark the design on the material, use blue tracing cloth, by means of which any design can be transferred, and it can be used dozens of times over. It is placed between the design and the material, and all are pinned firmly together on a board, the outline of design is then gone over with a hard pencil, and when it is clear, it will be found to have been clearly marked on the material.

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RESOLVED!  
AT IT IS BETTER TO GO BAREFOOTED THAN TO WEAR BAD SHOES  
IS OUR DUTY TO WEAR GOOD CLOTHES, BECAUSE WE MAKE BETTER PROGRESSIONS AND EARN MORE MONEY.  
GOOD CLOTHES SHOULD COMMENCE AT FEET. POOR SHOES AND STOCKINGS  
DON'T FOOL ANYONE NOT EVEN YOURSELF BUSTER BROWN.



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Hay Fever and Summer Colds.

Victims of hay fever will experience great benefit by taking Foley's Honey and Tar, as it stops difficult breathing immediately and heals the inflamed air passages, and even if it should fail to cure you it will give instant relief. The genuine is a yellow package. Daily Drug & Jewelry Co.

It could not be more reliable, but Foley's Kidney and Tar.

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